

problematique

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Such a compromising situation.

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Chapter 1

They had gotten into a scuffle again.

Aya had walked into the room while Hatate was working on her new articles and promptly snatched an unedited paper up and started reading from it. Quite embarrassed (*and rightfully so*, in her thoughts), the brunette jolted to grab the paper away from the other reporter. This naturally led to a skirmish in which the two crow tengu forgot all about the original purpose of the fight and proceeded to simply fool around like twelve-year-olds, as they often did.

But when Hatate had thought she had just gained the upper hand and had managed to pin Aya on the wall, the reporter flipped their position around with surprising strength in that Hatate was now forced against the wall with Aya pressed against her close enough to look exactly the opposite of a friendly fight.

Such a compromising situation.

The giggles died down. The smirks faded. Hatate was all too aware of the sudden heat and the fact that Aya's hands were way, way too close to her chest.

Ruby eyes blinked. Brown eyes flickered unsurely. Hatate made the mistake of glancing at Aya's lips, parted slightly open as she panted for air.

'God, she's so close, ' the brunette thought numbly, just barely noticing the light spray of freckles across the other reporter's nose. *'If I just move... just, just a little...'*

"Hatate," Aya breathed, her voice barely more than a sigh. A whisper. A shudder passed through the brunette's spine.

It was then that Hatate really, truly looked at Shameimaru Aya's face. And, to be honest, she didn't dislike what she saw. Short raven hair,

strands sticking to her forehead through the beads of sweat. Crimson eyes. And her so so so kissable lips. *'God. God damnit, I hate her. Fuck, she's so cute .'*

The brunette felt a soft motion on her shoulder - Aya's hand. It drifted down, tracing patterns on Hatate's arm (*'fuck me'*) until it finally landed on the brunette's thigh. Aya faltered, her hand stuttering, before she let it rest as so. The brunette sighed a shaky sigh.

Their foreheads touched. Hatate blinked; Aya stared. Then the reporter opened her mouth, seemed to move even closer - *'hurry up, hurry up-'*

"What are you two doing? I surely hope I'm not interrupting anything."

Both crow tengu flung themselves apart, though it was more of Aya who recoiled; Hatate just gained the expression of someone who was just about to cough up a hairball. Momiji stood by the door, scimitar in hand and looking professional as ever. That is to say - she looked irritated. "Are you both done? I waited outside to see if you'll come back out, but apparently not." She smirked at the simultaneous blush from both parties. "Hurry up. In case you forgot, we have a meeting with Lord Tenma." The door clicked shut behind her. The duo waited until the wolf tengu's footsteps faded away.

It took some time before they both deigned to look at one another. Aya looked embarrassed; Hatate, almost disappointed. The raven-haired reporter coughed in her fist. "I, uh, let's get going, shall we?"

"You're not going to apologize for grabbing my stuff," Hatate said, deadpan. It wasn't a question as it was a statement.

Aya shook her head, a grin springing on her (*adorable*) face. "Come on. Lord Tenma'll scold us. Or Momiji. Or both."

"Probably both."

But she smiled a smile a little too wide when Aya opened the door for her.